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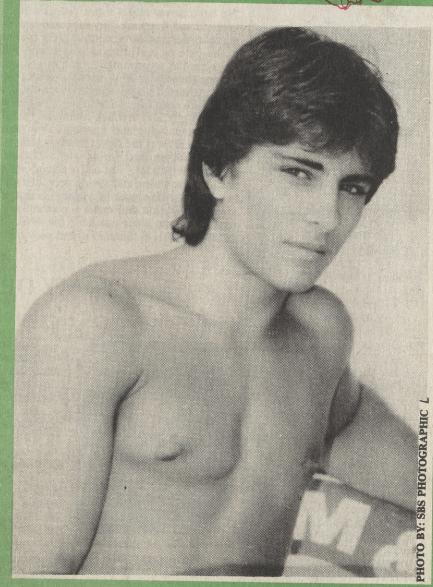
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#### **PATLAR**

Voice of Gay America Copyright 1988

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#### COVER PERSONALITY:

Sexy Michael Sintaro is a Canadian. A house builder by trade, Mike lives in Ottawa and travels when he gets the urge to pack up and go, picking up construction jobs wherever he goes. Mike is 5'8" tall and weighs 145#. His sign is Cancer. His hair is black and his eyes are unusually darkbrown.

#### **GUEST EDITORIAL**

by Bill Rau (AIDS Educator)

AIDS Awareness Month (October) and World AIDS Day (December 1) will have passed by the time most readers receive this issue of PATLAR. If you did not mark your calendar and attend a function or fundraiser, not much is missing from your life. AIDS, however, does not take note of the calendar and simply appear on designated days. At this time, there is another AIDS diagnosis every minutes. The numbers are still climbing in the less urban areas in which most of us live. Case loads in some areas are doubling approximately every nine months.

The AIDS crisis has done much to bring the gay community together, both to protect our hard-won freedoms and to provide care and support for our brothers and sisters who are HIV positive. It appears to this writer, however, that many gays and lesbians have decided that the crisis is over and they no longer have to make a commitment to the gay and lesbian community to continue this battle. It is incongruous that over half of volunteers involved in the care of AIDS-diagnosed patients are straight men and women. These people who do not understand many parts of our lifestyle are the ones who deal with PWAs who have been thrown out by lovers, snubbed by family, and ignored by the people who supported every aspect of our gay lifestyle--except HIV disease.

We as members of the gay community must not allow our resolve to lag. We have never had a more bitter battle to fight to preserve and protect our lifestyle and freedom. Gay men and lesbian women must be in the forefront of all volunteer and service groups. Each of us must make a personal commitment to the care of our brothers living with AIDS and to encourage our friends to make similar commitments. Volunteers are desperately needed by every agency serving those with HIV disease. AIDS foundations, or related service organizations, depend on volunteers to do the bulk of their work with PWAs and are often in dire need of committed volunteers.

The gay and lesbian community has struggled too long and too hard to achieve our rights and freedoms. We must not lose ground or self respect by failing to respect the rights and freedoms of PWAs. We must reach out and care for our brothers and sisters whatever their HIV status. Many have marched in "gay-pride parades." Let us be able to walk through this crisis with pride in our ability to be caring and loving people at all times and in all situations.

I urge each reader to contact his or her local AIDS foundation or other service organization and make a personal commitment to end the AIDS crisis. If time cannot be made available for PWAs or other work, then a contribution directly to an AIDS foundation that provides support to PWAs should be made.

#### IN MY OPINION

by Mel Dahl



This column is appearing more or less simultaneously in *Dialogue*, the student publication of McGeorge School of Law, and *Patlar*, a national gay and lesbian publication that is based in Sacramento.

For those of you who missed it, October 11 was National Coming Out Day, a day when all gay men and women everywhere were asked to come out of their closets and show the rest of the world how many there are.

No, I am not going to use this column to publicly come out. Instead, the subject of this column is why I am not coming out, not now and probably not ever. What that means to me depends in large part on whether I am speaking

as a law student interested in social-policy questions, or whether I am speaking as a sometime gay man. What that means to people who identify themselves as heterosexuals means more than they probably would like for it to mean.

First of all, the distinction between homosexual and heterosexual is, in my view, an entirely spurious distinction. The best research presently available, courtesy of the University of Indiana, indicates that the male population is just about evenly divided into three groups: approximately one-third of the male



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population will engage in at least one homosexual act leading to orgasm prior to age 40; another third will have homo-erotic tendencies but for one reason or another will never actually indulge those tendencies; and only about one-third of the male population has no homosexual tendencies. Note, however, that the overwhelming majority of those who commit homosexual acts will do so only once or twice.

Thus, before we can divide people up into classes, we must first decide on some definitions. What is a homosexual? Does one act make a man gay? What about two acts, or three acts, or five, or a dozen? What about people with strong homosexual tendencies who for, say, religious reasons have never acted those tendencies out? And finally, does it matter for purposes of this discussion whether homosexual acts are committed for lust or merely for curiosity? This is not that far removed from discussions like the ones the rabbis used to have about how many black hairs a white horse could have and still be considered white.

So, at least in some cases, whether a person considers himself homosexual, bisexual, or heterosexual probably has more to do with his perception of himself than it does with objective reality. Given my druthers, I'd rather scrap the distinctions altogether and just acknowledge that people are sexual. I suppose that sexual orientation is probably similar to tastes in food. Are vegetarians born that way, or do they become vegetarians because of a

weak father and a domineering mother?

So, from a psychological standpoint, I refuse to classify myself as gay, even though I have had sexual experiences with men in the past and probably will again in the future. But that is not the point. It is stupid (and emotionally unhealthy) for someone whose sexual interests are primarily in members of the same sex to deny that part of his psyche that responds to feminine charms, and it is also stupid (and emotionally unhealthy) for a man whose sexual interests are directed toward women most of the time to deny that part of himself that is stimulated by masculine charms.

The previous section of this column was directed primarily at the readers of *Patlar*. What follows is primarily for the readers of *Dialogue*.

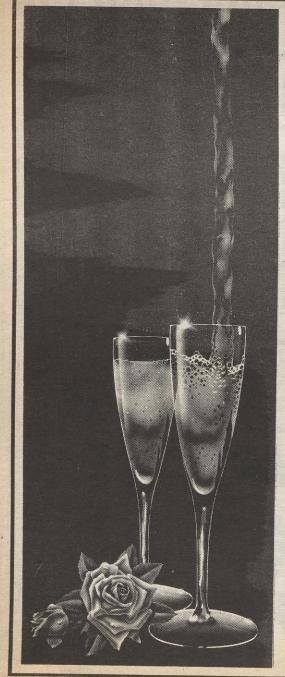
Psychologically, defining sexual orientation may be difficult, but from a political standpoint we have no such problem. (Incidentally, "gay" is a subset of "homosexual." All gay people are homosexuals, but not all homosexuals are gay. The distinction is that somebody who is gay accepts and affirms his sexual orientation, thinking it is something wonderful, whereas a homosexual is somebody who merely has feelings for the same sex whether or not he affirms those feelings.)

My argument that the distinction between homo- and hetero-sexuality is a thin one is bolstered by the fact that up until about 50 years ago the distinction did not exist in the minds of most people. The concept of sexual orientation, per se, is a relatively new one. Yet, our legal system sure has gone to a lot of trouble over a dubious concept.

It says a great deal about our society, and what it says is less than flattering, that a group of people have felt the need to organize based on a personal taste. Never in human history has a matter of personal taste become such a hot political issue. If chocolate lovers have not felt a need to organize, it is probably because they have not been subjected to the mistreatment gay-identified people have.

Presently about half the states continue to criminalize same-sex acts, including my home state of Massachusetts where a single act of homosexual sodomy carries a 20-year prison sentence. Gay people are forbidden to serve in the military or on most police forces, even

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2825 North Lincoln (312) 929-3269 though the military itself concedes that only about 2% of the active-duty homosexuals are caught and discharged. Gay people from other countries are forbidden to visit the United States, and gay Americans are forbidden to work in any licensed profession in about half the states. With few exceptions, these relics of the Dark Ages are routinely upheld by the courts. "Antisodomy laws exist and are upheld to protect the weak, the uninformed, the unsuspecting, and the guillible from the exercise of their own volition." Chief Justice Burger for the majority in *Paris Adult Theater I vs Slayton*, 413 US 49, 64; 93 S Ct 2607, 2638-39 (1973).

Then there is the issue of the state's flat-out refusal to recognize the reality of gay coupling in spite of a wide and growing body of evidence of their frequency, depth, and richness. Justice Anthony Kennedy, while on the 9th Circuit, wrote an unspeakable atrocity of an opinion in which he said that it was permitted for the Federal Government to forcibly separate a male couple even though they had been together for ten years because such a separation would not do either of them "permanent harm." This prompted one columnist in the gay press to suggest, semi-seriously, kidnapping Mrs. Kennedy and then asking the distinguished jurist if he felt that the loss of his spouse did him any harm.

National Coming Out Day should not be necessary. Unfortunately, as long as the Burgers and Kennedys of the world continue to refuse to recognize reality, it will continue to be. What is needed is a major overhaul of family law in general and gay law in particular. That over-

haul is long overdue.

#### **HOROSCOPES**

by Dr. Pat Larr

<u>SAGITTARIUS</u> (Nov 23-Dec 21): A close friend is longing to show you his ornaments. Honey, they'll look positively festive on your tree.

<u>CAPRICORN</u> (Dec 22-Jan 19): Yes, it's that time again to don your gay apparel. And you know how lovely you look in red. Just get rid of that bowl full of Jell-O.

<u>AQUARIUS</u> (Jan 20-Feb 18): The Ghost of Christmas Past returns to haunt you again this year. Lay this turkey to rest.

<u>PISCES</u> (Feb 19-Mar 20): Too much holiday cheer

takes its toll again this year. Won't you ever learn?

ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 19): Your special someone decides to Ham it up at your holiday dinner table. When are you going to lose this turkey?

<u>TAURUS</u> (Apr 20-May 20): OK, you've got a bona fide reason to shop now. A mysterious stranger longs to

see how bona fide you can get.

**GEMINI** (May 21-Jun 20): Big things come in little packages, as you'll learn on Christmas morning. Yes, you'll be singing Joy to the World.

**CANCER** (Jun 21-Jul 22): Someone you meet under the mistletoe kisses you like you've never been kissed before. Enjoy!

**LEO** (Jul 23-Aug 22): Stop regretting the mistakes of last Christmas. This will be the Christmas of which memories are made.

**VIRGO** (Aug 23-Sep 22): You always wanted to see the North Pole, and now you get your chance. It won't stay frozen over for long.

<u>LIBRA</u> (Sep 23-Oct 22): One of Santa's elves shows you that short people can rise to the occasion too! Enjoy!

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 22): A special someone fills your Christmas stocking to overflowing with every little thing you've been wishing for. Enjoy!

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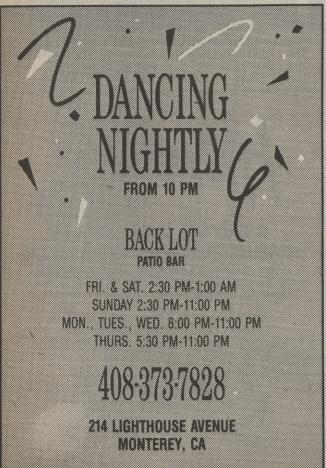


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#### **GAY HISTORY**

by Terry Boughner, Ph.D.

One of the most ancient themes in literature and myth is that of spring-time sacrificial love. The birth of love is sacred, but when love gives itself over to death because of love, there is, I think, an almost instinctive understanding of redemption which is associated with spring. That, briefly, is the lesson to be learned from the story of Hadrian and Antinous.

Hadrian came to the throne of the Roman Caesars in 117 A.D. as the 14th Emperor of Rome. He was 41, middle aged; but men, seeing his thick curly hair, piercing eyes and well-trimmed beard, judged him handsome.

He had no remarkable voice. Instead, he ruled the empire with competence and a driven intensity that, apart from making everyone slightly uncomfortable, was admired.

Hadrian traveled much outside Rome. In 125 A.D. after one of his periodic trips, he returned to the Eternal City to encounter the kind of love that heaven rarely

In this case, love came in the heart of a page boy in the imperial palace, a young Greek named Antinous. Antinous was born between 110 A.D. and 112 A.D. in Bithynia, a Roman province in what is now northern Turkey. How he came to Rome we do not know. Reports differ. But on one thing all are agreed. Antinous was beautiful.

To sum up from a variety of sources, he had black hair that clustered over his dark brows and fell in a cascade down the back of his graceful neck. His eyes were wondrously large with a touch of melancholy in them and his sensuous, pouting lips gave him, according to Suetonius, the Emperor's secretary, a look of vulnerable innocence. All this with a firm, well-built, muscular body to match.

We have no idea under what circumstance the Emperor and the page first met. But when they did meet, it was as if two souls fused to become one. The historian, Arrian, wrote that what was between the two was "immediately one of remarkable and memorable intensity."

For the cynics among my readers, this was not a father-son relationship or that of some young hustler after the "main chance." Arrian and Suetonius, both as jaded as could be, agreed that it was a love "as between equals."

could be, agreed that it was a love "as between equals."

Arrian says of Antinous that "his heart was wise, his intelligence, that of a grown man." and he gave to his imperial lover not only the warmth of his young body, but "love and sagacious, selfless counsel."

The affair was soon the talk of Rome. There really wasn't much ado over the fact that this was a homosexual relationship. The problem was that Antinous was close to the throne and was expected to use his influence on behalf of one suppliant or another. He refused and earned for himself the fervid hatred of all concerned. Finally, fed up with the snakepit of intrigue that was Rome's politics, Hadrian and Antinous left for the east in 128 A.D.

They went to Greece, then Syria, and finally, as Royston Lambert tells us in one of the best books on the subject, *Beloved and God*, they arrived in Egypt. In that god-haunted land where Akhenaton and Smenkhere had reigned as Lords of the Nile, where Alexander and Haephestion had sought for divine assurance that their love would last beyond the grave, there Hadrian and Antinous came looking, perhaps also hoping to prove that their love was eternal.

Hadrian was now 53, old for those times, and seems to have been complaining about his health. Antinous took these complaints very seriously, to the point that he be-

lieved that his beloved was dying. There is evidence that

a priest confirmed the young man's fears.

Now, there was in those days a generally held belief that a life, freely sacrificed in death for the life of another, had regenerative power. Myths from every people told the story of a beautiful, innocent young man who, out of deepest love, offered his body and so redeemed himself and his beloved and gained, by his act, eternal life for them both.

Early on an October morning, Antinous went to the banks of the mighty Nile. There, he took a small boat and sailed out upon the river. It was a frail craft, no match for the powerful current, and it was soon overwhelmed by the water. Antinous was swept under with, probably, not so much as a struggle, for he was dying for both Hadrian and himself.

When the emperor found out what had happened, he nearly went mad with grief. For three days, after the body was recovered, he would allow no one near it, keeping it in his tent, weeping bitter tears. Eventually, Antinous's body was yielded up to the embalmers and Antinous was buried, we know not where. Perhaps it was in Egypt. Perhaps it was in Rome. Perhaps it does not matter.

As to Hadrian, he lived on for another eight years, a haggard and morose man who retreated into a desolate withdrawal, living out his time, shattered by melancholy

and disease, a shattered parody of himself.

Meanwhile, word of what had happened swept across the empire and caught the imagination of people everywhere. A new religion sprang up, for it was said, the beautiful young man who died for love had to be divine. In eight years, some 2000 sculptures of Antinous were created and, at the place on the river where he died, there was built a new city named Antinoupolis which became a center for pilgrims.

Make no mistake about the strength or extent of the new faith. Lambert calls Antinous "the last god of the ancient world" and the final great challenge to rising Chris-

tianity.

Christian apologists mustered everything they had to refute the worship of Antinous because, as they saw it, the parallel between the two faiths was uncomfortably close. Hadrian and Antinous were condemned as perverts with the emperor himself likened to Nero.

It took the Christians some 200 years to stamp out the belief in Antinous and then, only when the weight of

the Roman Empire was brought into the fight.

However, a love like that of Hadrian and Antinous could not be forgotten. For centuries, the beautiful young man was an inspiration for artists who found themselves powerfully attracted to the youthful sacrificial god from Bithynia.

[Terry Boughner received his Ph.D. in History from Catholic University. He has taught at LaRouche College and presently lives in Milwaukee where he is associated

with a gay newspaper called Wisconsin Light.]

#### FAUX PAS

by Ed E. Kett

So now what do I do? When I get to the point where I'd really feel comfortable if someone (him or me) were wearing a condom, and I suggest to my date that one of us put one on, (depending on who he happens to be that night) and he says "No, it isn't necessary; we'll have some safe-sex instead," this leaves me limp. How do I get my humpy numbers to dress for success?

Always, Kent

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Obviously you weren't a child of the Sixties. If it feels good, do it and you'll always be in good taste.







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#### FICTION

#### RAOUL AND JULIO REVISITED

by Lloyd R. Grosvenor

(Second of three dialogues)

[Synopsis: It is the big-band era, June, 1938. Raoul and Matt share a room in a large house rented for the band, in lieu of their having to bunk seven to a room in a cheap hotel. Raoul and Matt not only got to know each other better, but also got to share each other. Giulio, 21, and two years their senior, seems to hold some fascination for both Raoul and Matt. They are in an all-night club on Baltic Avenue where the band members come to jam after hours. The dialogues continue:]

"This beats the hell out of a fan dancer, doesn't it, Raoul?"

"What the hell are they supposed to be doing?"

"They're dancing."

"You call that dancing? He's got a whip, and she keeps running around cringing and falling on the floor."

"You just don't appreciate art, Raoul.

"Art? Are you kidding?"

"Like the art of the dahnce. This show is supposed to be hot stuff."

"Might be hot stuff to some people, but not to me."

"Take a gander at that, Raoul. That dancer babe's

naked."

"She's not naked. She's wearing some kind of a body stocking. It's so dark in here you have to look close to really tell."

"Boy, Raoul, you can be such a wet blanket!"

"There's so much smoke in here my eyes are burning and I can hardly see what's going on."

"C'mon, enjoy the floor show. Pound your mallet on the table like everyone else is doing."

"Don't the people clap in this place?"

"They pound. The only clap in this club is what they get afterwards--in bed. Get it?"

"Oh, ha ha. Ain't you funny, though?"

"Look. You got in here free because this is where our guys come for their jam sessions. Quit belly-aching, Raoul. Don't be such a panty-waist."

"I don't see any of our guys."

"They're in the club somewhere. Behind the smoke."

"Jesus!"

"That looks like Melvin Davis and the guys sitting over there."

"Can't tell if it's Mel."

"Yeah. He sort of gets camouflaged in this place. Fades into the blackness, if you know what I mean."

"Don't say that in front of him, Matt."

"Ah, I wouldn't do that."

"I don't see Giulio. Where the hell's Giulio?"

"You know how he is. He's probably cruising all over the place trying to pick up some jane. He's God's gift to the ladies, you know. Hadn't you noticed?"

"He is a good-looking son-of-a-bitch."

"And does he know it? Anyway, he acts like he thinks he's God's gift to the women."

"Why on earth would a person want to be God's gift to the women?"

"Makes it easier to get laid."

"Shit!"

"The guy is a bit balmy."
"I don't see him anywhere."
"Are you still looking for him?"

"Of course I'm still looking for him."

"What is it with Giulio, Raoul? You and Giulio. You stuck on Giulio?'

"Of course not. It's just that he's not there, and I--" "You're balmy, Raoul. You can never find him in this

place."

"Now that my eyes are used to the darkness, I can see all the tables. Well, not all of them. I'm going to go around and see if I can find him.'

"I'm not going to stay here by myself."

"Jesus, Matt, you sound like some skirt left alone by her date. You don't have to stay here. Come on along and you can sit with Melvin and the other guys while I look for Giulio.'

"There's no room at their table. Look. They're al-

ready crowded."
"Don't be a drip, Matt."

"Look who's talking. I wasn't too keen on coming here in the first place. I certainly don't want to get into a jam session. Can't bring my bass viol over here. And I sure don't want to play anybody else's."

"You're so damned fussy about that string-bass. You'd think you were being asked to play on somebody else's peter when you have to play on somebody else's bass. Why don't you just go on back to the house, then?"
"Walk all the way back to Boston Avenue by myself

at three o'clock in the morning? Are you nuts?"

"So wait here, then."

"OK, Ok. I'll go along with you, Raoul. But I don't like it."

"Don't walk across the goddamn dance floor."

"Why not? The floor show's all over."

"If you want to call that so-called dancing a floor show. You're not supposed to walk across the dance floor, that's all.'

'Oh, shit, Raoul! You and your damned manners. Nobody's dancing."

"Not yet. But they will shortly. Look. Some of the

guys are getting ready to sit in."
"For Chris'sake, if they didn't put these tables so close together, you wouldn't have to cut across the dance floor."

"Shut up and come on, Matt. Woody and Paul are getting up. Look, that'll leave room for you at the table while I go look for Giulio."

"All right. All right!"

"Don't get all hot under the collar."

"I'm not. It's just that you seem overly interested in Giulio."

'So are you jealous or something?"

"Of course not."

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"Well, I'm not overly interested in Giulio. I'm only looking out for the band. What're we going to do if we lose the best second trumpet we ever had? His take-offs knocks 'em cold. Maybe something's happened to him. C'mon, Matt. Get a wiggle on."

"What d'you think I'm doing? I'm wiggling. To get

between these goddamn tables."
"Hey! Mel! Woody!"

"Hi, Raoul. Hi, Matt. Can't stop now, Raoul. Back right after this set."

"You two prima-donnas finally condescend to join the jam session?"

'Ah, Mel--we been too bushed to--"

"Matt just don't want to play somebody else's stringbass, that's why he's sayin' he's bushed, Mel. What's the piano like?"

"See for yourself, Raoul. Seen better. Seen worse. Probably not as good as the grand at the Silver Slipper. Go ahead, you can sit in now if you want."

"I'm pretty tired, too, Mel. Where's Giulio?"

"Dunno. He was here a little while ago. Before the

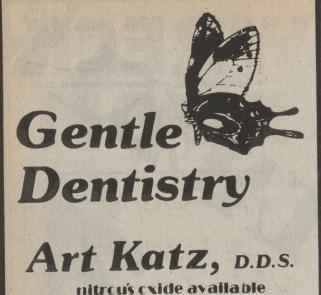


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PATLAR, December 1988, Page 11



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floor show started. What time is it?"

About three-thirty.

"He's been gone about an hour. Where you going, Raoul?"

"I'm gonna find Giulio."

"That Raoul. He's a funny duck, Matt. Never know what he's going to do."
"You're telling me!"

"Giulio. . . Giulio! Wake up. Come on, Giulio. Wake up. Here, let me help you sit up. Put your arm over my shoulder. What the hell's the matter with you? You're blotto in spades, for

Chris'sake. Come on Giulio."

"What's goin' on? What's goin' on?"
"It's me, Giulio. It's me. Raoul. Jesus! What have you been drinking? What the hell is that smell?"

'Smell? What smell? I don't smell anything. And I don't smell. Do I smell? I don't think I smell. Who the hell are you

anyway?"
"It's me. It's Raoul, Giulio. For God's sake snap out of it, will you? God! I thought somebody rubbed you out. What're

you doing up here?'

"Rubbed out? Rubbed who out? Rubbed. . . Rubber. . . Rubber baby buggy bumpers. . . Can you say that? Can you say that, Raoul? Say it, Raoul. Let me put my arms around you, Raoul."

"Cut that out!" "Why? You just now said. . .put my arm over your soldier. . .over your shoulder. You said that. I can put both my arms

around you. "Don't! You'll break the cot and end up on the floor. . .You're pulling me off. . .Now you've done it! The goddamn flimsy cot has broken down!"

"Well, well. . .here we are on the floor. . .just as you

predic--predic--dick--dick--dick--dicted. . Just as you predic-

"We got to stop rolling on the floor together, Raoul. . It's not good for either of us. People will talk. What will the Flat Foot Floogie Chorus Girls say? What will that emcee in the Silver Slipper floor show say? When he says "Now, layees and gen'l'mn, get up and dance, and if you got nobody to dance with, get one of the boys in the band. . . the're all *fairy* nice boys. What about that, Raoul? It'll be true. . . will it be true?"

"Can you get up, Giulio? Can you stand up?"

"Is that what we are, Raoul? Fairies?"

"Stand up."

"I'm standing. Yes, indeed, Giulio is standing."

"Boy! You sure hung one on this time! You were out like a light. Are you coming around?"

"I'm around, but I'm not coming. Get it? I'm not coming. I couldn't come if I wanted to. Am I a fairy nice boy, Raoul?"

"You're just aces, Giulio. Just aces. "I know. But am I a fairy nice boy?

"You're God's gift to the women, Giulio. What more do you want? You've had all the women. All the women you want. They think you're just aces, too, Giulio. Don't that prove anything?"
"It proves something."

"Here. Move over here in the corner. Sit here. No, don't sit on that goddamn chair. You'll fall off. Sit on the floor while I put that cot back up."
"But am I a fairy nice boy?"

"You've screwed all eight Flat Foot Floogie Chorus Girls,

too, Giulio. So you said, anyway.

"Did I say that? I'm like the little gingerbread man who ran away from a mother and a father and seven children and a duck and a goose and a pig and a horse, and he caught up to a fox and said: I can run away from yoooou, toooo. . ."

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"I've had Myrna and Joyce and Eloise in Philly, and three of the Flat Foot Floogies--count them--three. Not eight. But

three...and, Raoul, I've had yoooou, toooo..."
"Did you pop off to anybody about us? Did you say anything to anybody about you and me in the dressing cabana on the beach?"

'I don't hink so."

"I hope not. You can get us both fired. Do you know where

"Sure. This is the sleeping-off room. In the hospital it's called the recovery room. Well, this is the recovery room. This is where you come down. After you been up. You know I haven't come down. You know that, Raoul?"

"Don't start crying. Cut that out, Giulio. What the hell are you talking about?"

"You'll find out. Someday you'll find out!"

"Oh, God! Don't go into a crying jag, for Chris'sake, Giulio. Come over here and lie down. I got the cot fixed.

"Yeah. Lemme lie down again. .

"Here. Hang onto me. There you go. I'm not going to sit on the cot again. I'm going to sit on the chair this time. Does anyone know you're here?"

'Only that frail that brought me up here. Is my peter OK, Raoul? I think I screwed her once or twice. I dunno, but she said my time was up and she took all my money and she brought me up here to the leetle rooom above theee smokeeey club on Baltic Avenuuuuuuu. . .'

"What did you drink?"

"Beer. Nothing but beer. Beer will make you fat, you know, little buddy? Nothing bug beer. But the smoking. . . There's the rub. . . the rubbity-dub-dub. There's what gets you really out of yourself. Is my peter OK, little buddy?"

'It looks OK. Limp. But OK.

"You can see why I can't. . . why I can't. . ."

"How come you think you have to pay for it, Giulio?"
"Pay for it?"

"Sex."

"Oh, that. But I didn't pay for that. It was the smokes. I

paid for the smokes."

"Have you been smoking reefers? You that that's illegal now. You can't smoke Mexican weed. You'll get pinched sooner or later. You won't be able to get away with it--"

"Get away with it? I just did. I mean I smoked that and ev-

erything else."
"What else did she give you?"

"She didn't give it to me. I paid for it."
"What else did you pay for?"
"How the hell do I know?"

"You can get dead doing that, Giulio."

"So who cares if I'm dead? I don't care if I'm dead. After

doin' what we did, I'm a fairy nice boy."
"Please. Please don't cry, Giulio. I care. I care if you're dead."

"Come again?"

"Here. Take my handkerchief. I said I care if you're dead." "That's the nicest thing anyone said to me this week." "Don't make a joke of it, Giulio. I love you, you ass-hole."
"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means I love you, Giulio."

"Come again?"

"How many times do I have to say it? I love you."
"You love me?"

"Yes. You got it."

"You're ribbing me. This is a rib, isn't it?"

"No."
"You don't even know me, Kid. I've been with the band four weeks. We got paid twice. You and I got together on the beach three times. Jesus! This is crazy. One guy tells another

guy he loves him.

"That's the only way I know how to say it, Giulio. If you're sobered up enough, you can get it into your nut. I love you. I don't know why. Three times with you in that beach cabana and I really feel a lot for you. I don't understand it altogether. I don't try to understand it. I don't care. I love lots of people-this way and that way. But I feel something intense for you. I love you.

Giulio. I care what happens to you."
"Son-of-a-bitch! I thought I was hip. Lean over here. If you can stand my breath, lemme just take your sweet li'l face in my hands here and tell you something. When we were all in that one room in the hotel, I took a shine to you right away. But, Jesus! I never thought it would be anything like you telling me

you love me."

"I gotta get you out of here, Giulio. What you're doing is

very dangerous."
"Ah. . .what do you know? This is your first gig on the road. What do you know about anything? You're just a kid, Kid.

"You're only two years older than me, Giulio."

"What's years? You ain't been anywhere, Raoul. You ain't done anything.

"Well, get a load of this, bozo: I know more than you think

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I know."

"Oh, yeah?" "Yeah. And I know you can't keep this up."

"What if I do?"

"You can get fired. You can get in jail. You can get dead."
"What difference does it make?"

"If anything happens to you, Giulio, it'll be the worst thing in my life."
"On the level?"

"On the level."

"Raoul?" "Yeah?"

"Nobody in my life ever said anything like what you've

'I meant every word of it."

"Raoul?" "Yeah?"

"You gotta help me downstairs. I gotta see a man about a dog. . . or I'm gonna piss my pants."

[Continued next issue.]

#### IN OUR EYES

(A Youth Perspective)

by K. Michaels

No one can escape it. You can run, but you can't hide. Christmas is coming. You can love it or hate it; it is coming

whether you are ready or not.

I started shopping months ago, but I am still in a panic as to what to get this person or that person, or whether they deserve anything at all. Mall after mall. Store after store. Aisle after aisle. Sale after sale. Person after person. Trying to find the perfect gift for each person on my list.

Confusing. Confounding. Nerve wracking. Exhausting.

Manic. It is also one of my favorite times of the year.

The whole city seems to take on a glow around this time of year. All over the place lights twinkle, twinkle at every corner. Windows spill warmth and happy colors into the street and down the block. Garlands and bells are strung around the malls causing you to feel a little more festive. Carollers are singing, only occasionally on key, so happily that you don't mind their trampling your lawn. Everywhere you go you are surrounded by the ding-a-ling of bells from santas who have had one too many eggnogs and are starting to get a touch too jolly. Relatives whom you can't stand most of the year are almost nice to have around, especially if you've had one too many eggnogs and are feeling a little too jolly too.

Yes, Christmas is a special time.

They say it is better to give than to receive, and I am now convinced they say that because no matter what there is always something tacky and tasteless lurking under the tree, usually from family members, the very people who are supposed to know you best. I have had a few family members who had an absolute gift, a special knack, for picking the absolute ugliest thing that I will hate the most. Even her choice of wrapping paper reeked of dime-store factory seconds that no one else wanted. What was inside was usually worse. One year she gave me a bedspread; blue, purple, brown, and grey plaid on a bright red background. The thing was so loud you could hear it down the hall, but I had to say something nice like, "I would never have guessed that you could find anything like this." I think the only thing it would go with was vomit, which it also inspired. Another year she found this godawful stuffed animal that, I swear, looked like some kind of mutant carnivore from a second-rate late night B movie; the damn thing actually had fangs! The worst part was that she lived in Los Angeles, and getting re-

See YOUTH PERSPECTIVE Concluded

on page 22.

#### THE NEXT WAVE

by Douglas N. Lewis

A friend of mine was recently hospitalized for the removal of her gall bladder. She spent a few days in the hospital and then went to the beach for another week to recuperate. When she got back to work, a fellow employee asked her if the doctor had shown her her gall bladder after the operation. She said that she hadn't seen it, the whole hospitalization happened so quickly. And then, without missing a beat, the fellow employee asked if she had seen her gall bladder at the beach, where medical waste had been washing ashore all summer



long. This story would probably be much funnier if the sadness that it engendered wasn't so fresh in the mind of most of the millions of people who populate the eastern seaboard. For those people who live by the sea, summer is a three-month-long, carefree, return-to-nature respite from the confines of the winter months. All of the sea-dumping that has been going on for so many years is finally coming back to remind us of our cultural myopia, our out-of-sight, out-of-mind mentality. How long did we think we could continue ignoring our environment and polluting it with impunity? And it's not just the sea that is showing us our folly.

Landfills are filling up so quickly that we will soon reach the point where we will have no place to stash our garbage. And what garbage! It's estimated that Americans trashed 157.7 million tons of garbage in 1986! And the tonnage will likely rise to 192.7 million tons by the year 2000 unless something is done! Talking about "millions" of tons of garbage is such an abstraction. Who can conceive of what a "million" tons of garbage looks like or how much space it would take up? TIME Magazine reported that Los Angeles County generated enough garbage to fill Dodger Stadium every nine days, and that's just a fraction of a million tons! Americans are the absolute kings of the trash-pile in all the world at creating this mess. On the average, West Germany and Japan throw away about half as much as we do. Are we burying ourselves beneath the very trash that we are trying to be rid of? Is it true

that we have become a throwaway, disposable society? I think the environment speaks for itself.

America's short attention span and cultural disposability is not limited to just our waste. Our radios blast music that is here today, forgotten tomorrow. Our babies wear plastic diapers because they are so much more "convenient" than washing and rewashing cloth ones. TV bombards us with messages to buy products that we do not need and therefore dispose of prematurely. Fashions come and go so quickly, our closets cannot hope to maintain their boundaries without exploding. Our affluence has created a consumerism that nature cannot hope to defend itself against. Our businesses generate more letters, memos, sweepstakes-sales letters, and reports than anyone could ever read, much less need. This is a cultural problem that we need to address before we end up suffocating in our own residue.

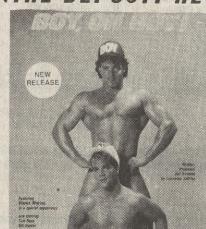
New technologies might help a little. Part of the problem is the kind of trash we're throwing away. Plastics do not break down, are not biodegradable, and a very large portion of our garbage is pastic. Scientists are working on a new kind of plastic that would eventually break down like paper products. Or maybe we should go back to using more paper products? Will America take the initiative and stop the waste and nearsightedness of the disposable society? Or will we wait until it's too late to actually take a stand, wallow in our own



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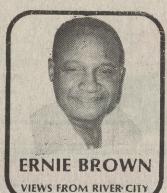
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#### CARRYINGS-ON IN GAY SACRAMENTO (Home Base of PATLAR)



Like it or not, the holiday season is upon us. And I still haven't put away last year's Christmas tree lights! Nor have I transplanted that poinsettia. And at this late date, why bother? Thanks to the department stores, it seems like we've been celebrating Christmas since Labor Day. . I would like to congratulate Emperor Ralph & Grand Duke Paul for an enjoyable bus trip to Reno. At least we got over the hill. Wasn't too sure about coming back, though. Speaking of bus trips, not everyone is

cut out for such things. There is an old adage (actually it's a "new" adage) that states: If you want to know what someone is really like, travel with them for awhile. A bus trip usually brings out the real person. People who are anti-crowds should consider traveling alone. If the shoe fits, well. . . During the holiday season, the Wreck Room is having their annual Toys for Tots on December 14. Bring a toy to the above date and receive a free drink. (Note: Do NOT wrap your toy.) In the past, this has been a very successful crusade. . . Stacey (at the Western) & John Deere (The Sunshine News: [See below].) are planning a bus trip to Chico to R.J.'s Christmas Party which takes place on December 10. Leave from the Western at 6 PM. Return back to the Western about 3:30 A.M. Round trip bus ticket is \$20. Snacks, fun, and a special show included. Contact the Western for more info. . . Congrats to one of our newer papers circulating around town. *The Sunshine News*. Editor is John Deere. Lotsa Luck! The Sunshine News is having its first Christmas Show at the Western on Dec. 17. Ltd seating. Check with John for seating reservations. . . The Western will also serve their annual Christmas Dinner on Christmas Day. So if you are available & have no place to go, go to the Western. . . An update on the Mercantile Saloon which was torched a few weeks ago. Work is in progress and it's coming along just fine; it looks like we might be reopening sooner than we originally thought. Will keep you posted. . . All of the bars are planning a fun-filled nite on New Year's Eve: The Buffalo Club, Faces, Take-2, Beau's, Wreck Room, & the Blue Moon. Check with the individual bars for details. . A run-down on displaced Merc employees: Big Rod is working at Joseph's Town & Country, Steve (Teddy Bear) is at Faces, Paul & LaKish are at the Western, yours truly is at Beau's/Scandals. Come see us sometime, wherever we are. . .I would like to take this moment to wish all of my readers here in Sacramento and everywhere else across this beautiful country of ours: A VERY MÉRRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPLY NEW YEAR!

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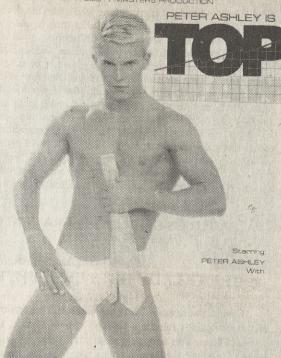
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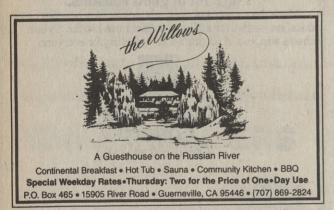
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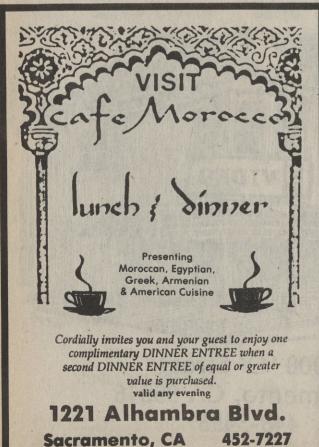
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#### A GREAT LADY GETS EVEN BETTER!

by Michael Maier

One of the reasons I like the Christmas season is that the record companies release a barrage of new albums, tapes and compact discs. This shopping season is a sheer joy with the release of a number of great artists with equally great new albums.

The one artist who certainly takes center stage is a performer who has been called the greatest female vocalist of this century--Barbra Streisand. Indeed, she is the first lady of American music and is unrivaled by no other performer of the past quarter century. TILL I LOVED YOU, Streisand's first studio album in three years, reaffirms this assessment of this multi-talented entertainer. Her performances on TILL I LOVED YOU, an outstanding song cycle of love won and lost, shows that the Streisand legend is still brightly shining.

TILL I LOVED YOU tells a story of love in a relationship, finding it, questioning it, losing it, and finding it again. Like many of her great albums of the past, a thematic thread weaves through the entire production, giving a firm sense of wholeness and unity.

The recorded material includes the title track, a tender duet with "Miami Vice" star and boyfriend Don Johnson (he also sings background on "What Were We Thinking Of"). "Till I Loved You" was taken from the upcoming musical album "Goya. . . A Life In Song." Also included are "All I Ask Of You" from the Tony-winning show "Phantom Of The Opera," which is truly the outstanding track on this album; Streisand's own "Two People" (the theme from the motion picture "Nuts"); "The Places You Find Love" (featuring an all-star background group of Luther Vandrose, Dionne Warwick, James Ingram, Howard Hewett, Jennifer Holliday and Siedah Garrett); "On My Way To You," written by Michel Legrand and Alan and Marilyn Bergman; and three by Bacharach and Sager, "Love Light," "You And Me For Always," and "One More Time Around." Each song worthy of individual recognition, but further enhanced by the sheer magic of Streisand's vocal interpretation.

Streisand's ability to communicate with an audience has transcended all media, all generations. TILL I LOVED YOU, it its deep-rooted passion and musical eloquence, is but the latest tep in the remarkable journey of the peerless and consummate artist and entertainer.

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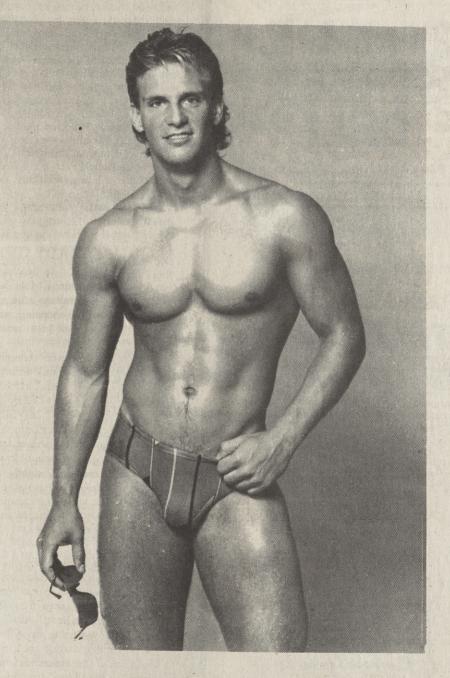
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#### YOUTH PERSPECTIVE Concluded from page 14

ceipts wasn't possible, so I was stuck with an ugly bed and Manson (named after Charlie) the meat eater. Luckily the dog chewed the little devil doll up after a week, and went on to pee on the bedspread, ruining it. I loved that little dog. That aunt has since stopped sending me presents because she found out that I'm gay; maybe I should send her a thank-you card.

I keep seeing the traditional picture of Christmas dinner, wondrous food of the holiday season. Christmas dinner at our house would have given Norman Rockwell a stroke. When it came to that particular tradition of yuletide festivities, my family faltered, at best. I can remember one year we had soup. Yes, that's right: soup. My mother didn't feel like dragging out the big dinner, so we had soup and a jell-o salad. And I always hear about great baked goodies that everyone says, "Just make Christmas complete." Wonderful things. I sincerely hope they don't mean fruitcake. In my opinion, fruitcake is neither fruit nor cake; it is a brick with little multicolored lumps of an unknown origin. (What in the heck are those green things anyway? They certainly don't look like something that a person would want to eat.) Every year somebody sends us one, usually two or three; there is always one that no one wants to touch. No one except my grandmother; every year she gnaws on the offensive stuff and says exactly the same thing: "Would you like a slice? No? Well, I'm sure next year when you're a little older you'll just love it. She's said that since I was seven, and I still think fruitcake is something akin to toxic waste, and I don't see my attitude changing in the near or far future.

The day after Christmas is almost the best part of the cycle. All of the city converges on one place. The Christmas sales. Fights erupt here and there. Oh, the sheer human drama. Pushing and shoving like some pagan war dance. Once a person gets in that environment, he or she undergoes an astonishing change. Normal people, like you or I, will claw, kick, and scratch to grab something we wouldn't be caught dead in. A sign with the words "1/2 off" or "4 for \$" cause a mass orgasm.

Then it's over. The tree was up and then down. Christmas dinner, whatever you had, is finished. The carollers' song has faded into memory. The silent night awakens with the promise of a new year. The mouse resumes his stirring. All up and down the block, the delightful haziness of one too many eggnogs and of feeling a little too jolly is thinning. You walk down the street and hear nary a bell, no ding, no ling. The homeless people who everyone rallied to feed and keep warm are fading in the minds of the people who were so eager to help when it was "time for sharing." The world seems just a little bit colder as the last gingerbread man slides down your throat to join his brothers. It's all over for another year, unless we can keep the candle burning for the rest of the year.

I suppose we could try. Merry Christmas.

#### FAUX PAS

by Ed E. Kett

Dear Mr. Kett,

How many rings are involved in a formal gay wedding? It's going to be held in the evening if that's any help.

Yours, Isaac

Dear Isaac,

Two rings if you're counting fingers, four if you're including ears, six if you're including cocks, eight if you're including noses, and ten if you're planning to pull out all the stops and throw in the kithen sink.



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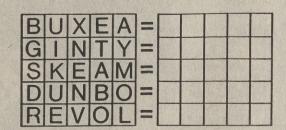
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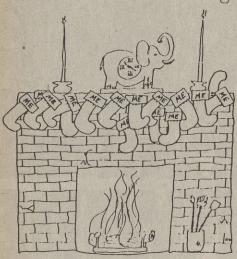
#### GAMES

THE WIZARD OF OD

Unscramble the letters and see what wise saying he has for us.

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Answers in Classified Section



CHRISTMAS AT SYBIL'S

#### POPE HAT QUIZ



- A. MASS B. VATICAN SOFTBALL GAMES
- C. ALONE AT HOME
- D. GOING TO STORE





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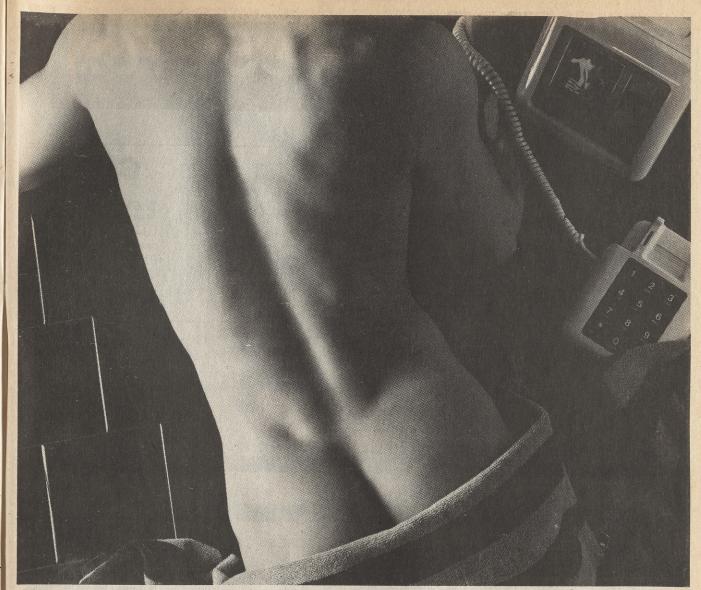




IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING



PATLAR, December 1988, Page 24



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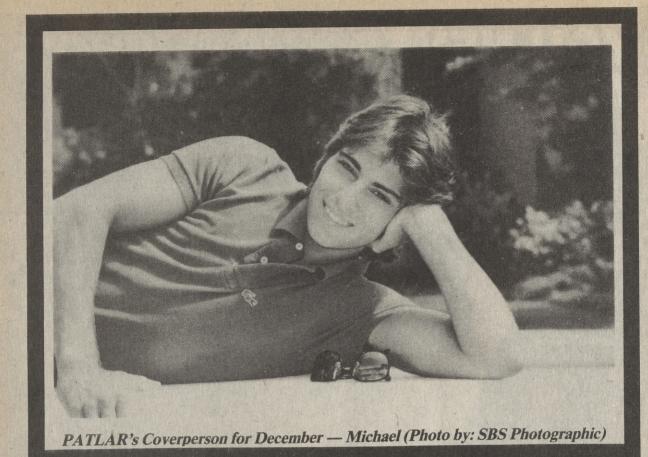




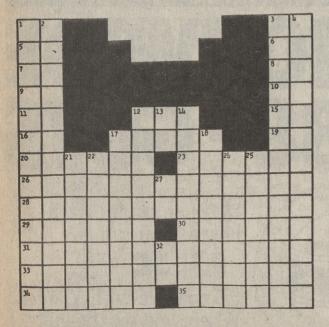


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- 1. Laugh Sound 3. Popular whiskey 5. Article (Sp.)
- 6. Time abbr.
- 7. Compass point
- 8. Gold
- 9. Chinese pagoda
- 10. Greek letter
- 11. Train abbr.
- 12. Underwear brand
- 15. Plural ending
  16. We
  17. Military schoolboy
  19. Small zip
- 20. Harmonized song
- 23. Warning light
- 26. Flitted about (2 wds.) 28. Dressed well (2 wds.)
- 29. Mysterious Marine plus mysterious aircraft inits.
- 30. Help metropolitan music group (wd. & inits)
- 31. Home cooking?
- (3 wds.) 33. Keys & strings
- (2 wds.) 34. Protest groups
- (3 wds.) 35. Time, secret agent (2 wds.)

#### DOWN

- 1. Man hit ruts (3 wds.)

- 1. Man hit ruts (3 wds.)
  2. Watch for numeral three (3 wds.)
  3. Where the firting dancers sat (2 wds.)
  4. Stand and stare advice (3 wds.)
  12. Dance areas
  13. Type of clinic
  14. Society girl
  17. Hungry drunk's need (2 wds.)
  18. Unfaithful to nine

- 18. Unfaithful to nine
- lovers (2 wds.)
  21. Type of illusion
  22. Road directions

- (abbr. & wd.) 24.LSD age (2 wds.) 25.About Babylonian city
- (2 wds.) 27. Diphthong
- 32. Western zip

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For more information, write PATLAR, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822 or telephone (916) 391-9755.

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CERTIFIED Asian masseur. (916) 929-5940. Mark [9MEIE]

HOT OIL MASSAGE. Call Carl (916) 451-6965.

BODY RUB, reasonable, 443-4173. (916)Greg [812ME]

#### MISC.

FREE TO GOOD HOME, 1 year old female lhasa apso named Pandora, very loving, well house trained. Call Scott (916) 456-5277. [812MS]

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ for your old Halloween costumes. If you have old costumes you want to part with, I will buy them. Call (916) 452-7227. [812MCS]

#### DEDSONAL

GWM 38, would like to meet other serious men in Sacramento area. (916) 737-1918.

HAIRY MEN/ ADMIR-ERS: New/hot nat'l adlistings. Info \$3: Hair, 59 W. 10 St, NY, NY 10011. [812PL]

WOULD LIKE TO CON-TACT hard, hot, hung and horny guys. I write short stories & would like to hear about some of your experiences. Interview completely confidential. No \$\$ but??? Write Patlar CPL-141, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [911PL]

32 Y/O GWM: seeking monog lover, prefer younger 18 plus to my age, gwm who is as serious as I am. No heavys or games. (916) 646-0214. [92PL]

WM 28 attractive to meet hunk, macho, well-enough endowed thick & long top man for romance and sex. Kurt (916) 488-5549. [812PL]

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 26, seeks older dominant man for relationship. I desire an affectionate highly sexed man who can be either tender or sexually adventureous or both. (916) 446-8132. [812PL]

WANT TOP MAN, call Earl (916) 443-4173. [811PL]

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GWM, hairy, prof., affectionate, teddy-bear wants no gay scene games, just deep need to share, touch, love & be loved, in a discreet monogamous friendship/relationship, from straight acting/appearing GWM 24-30. I'm into the outdoors, walking and people. Definitely no fems, S&M, drugs, or diseaes. Reply with phone #. Write Patlar Ad 12-01, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

IF YOU ARE a transsexual, pre-operatiave transsexual, or female impersonator and want to meet nice men, join America's only free organization for gals like you--National Female Impersonator/Transsexual Contact Service, Philip Salem, Seat-tle Gay News, 704 East Pike Street, Seattle, WA 98122 or call (206) 329-TVTS. [9IEPL]

GWM, good looks, desires buddies/couples for safe enchanted evenings. Smooth, slim a plus. All replies with description answered. Write Patlar Ad 5-07, c/o Patlar, Box 22402, Sacramento, CA

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GWM 38, seeks slender GM between 25-38 for relationship, non-smoker, loves camping, biking, movies. Not into bars. (916) 922-4781. [812OK]

ARE YOU'OUT THERE? A delicate male, little body hair, somewhat effeminate, passive in making love, top in sex. Must enjoy this hairy chested muscular man, and be eager to please, both in and out of bed. Age, income, endowment are unimportant; integrity is. Monogamous, relocatable only. Dark skin a plus. I'm earthy, vulnerable, and warm. 5'11", #190, "Rancher" type, and easy to know. Bud, PO Box 62, Woodland, CA 95695. ALL ANSWERED!!!! [91EPL]

#### AD SPECIAL CALL US! (916) 452 - 0769

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PATLAR, December 1988, Page 31

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